

RUTGERS LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Vol. I.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, MARCH, 1842.

No. III.

Original.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

"No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave—no tear of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over him."

It was morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory, and was pouring his beams—a shower of golden light—in richness over the boundless expanse of waters. Not a cloud was visible; the winds were hushed, and the surface of the ocean was unbroken by a ripple. A solitary ship was the only object in all the magnificent scene, which spoke the existence of man. Her sails were hanging sluggishly from the yards. The light motionless flag suspended at half-mast, seemed to portend that misfortune, perhaps death, had been there. And such indeed was the case. Among the party who composed her passengers on leaving port, was one whose health had been declining in the coolness of our northern winters, and who, as the last hope of regaining it, had determined to visit the 'sunny vine-hills of France,' and inhale the pure air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him adieu, believed that it was their last farewell; and he himself, as his native shores faded from his sight, felt the dark dreary consciousness come over him, that he was going to die among strangers, who possessed but few of the sympathies of the companions of his childhood. He was young; and before disease had laid its blighting hand upon him, he had moved, the beloved and admired of all. He could ill bear the thought of dying, for his hopes were high and animating—just such as an ardent, inexperienced mind delights to indulge; and he anticipated, with impatience, the time when he should become an actor upon the world's vast theatre. He had talents of a high order, and his finished education prepared him for any employment, and his friends confidently looked forward to the period, when he should share in the councils of his country, or stand gloriously distinguished at the bar. He had ties too of a far different nature, which had given a fairy charm to existence, and bound him still closer to life;—ties which were too fondly cherished—entrined as they were with the very fibres of his heart—to be severed by any thing save death. No wonder that he felt it hard to die; no wonder that he longed to remain in this bright sunny world, where he could pour the balm of his youthful spirit upon the friends he loved, and win them to peace and happiness. But the victims which the grave selects, are not always those whom we value most lightly, or who most readily sink into its shadows. How often is youth cut down when just opening into manhood, and glorying in all its bright anticipations? Such was the case with the one before us. Consumption had been silently but gradually performing

its death work, and the unnatural hectic flush upon his cheek, and his glazing eye, told but too plainly that he was rapidly passing to another world. *He died.* Yes that youth, marked by the bright touch of genius, *died* at last; and his death was calm, and he breathed out his life peacefully as an infant slumbers in its mother's arms. His manly form lay stretched on the vessel's deck, about to be committed to the world of waters—a feeble thing—but oh! the hope and happiness of how many hearts may go with him to old ocean's silent charms! The ship's company were gathered and stood around, gazing upon the cold, placid countenance which they were about to consign with all its beauty to the deep. No word was uttered, but memory recalled the sweet smile and gentle voice of the departed, and fancy pictured the sorrow which his death would cast over the circle of friends he had left. An appropriate prayer, and a few remarks suggested by the occasion, were the only religious ceremonies performed: the body was lifted carefully, as if it could know in its unconsciousness, that tears were in the eyes of the strangers, and tenderness in their bosoms. Then a single heavy plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples over its grassy breast. We gazed with strained eyes after the slowly sinking corpse, till it grew dim and vaguely shaped in the deep blue water, and gradually disappeared.

Beneath the ocean wave

Our friend! thy rest must be;

We ask for thee no prouder grave

Than the deep rolling sea!

Light be the wind that blows

Above thy gentle head!

And noiseless be the waves that close

Around thy sea-washed bed!

No costly stone we rear—

No marble-sculptured bust;

Deep in the ocean caverns here,

'Dust shall return to dust.'

Over the heaving wave

No mother's tears may fall—

No sister's hand shall deck thy grave,

Thou loved and mourned of all!

The breeze is rising now,

Our sails full proudly swell!

The white foam curls around the prow—

Farewell! a last farewell!

B.H.

Original.

BE SHORT.

THE most beautiful flowers are known to bloom for the shortest time. The most exquisite of nature's works—the little insects that live and die within the petals of a flower—are literally *ephemeral*. The most lovely of the human race, both in outward form and inward worth, are generally short lived. And if in the material and moral universe, the best are of the shortest duration, there would be a defect in nature, should an exception to this rule be found in the intellectual world. But this is not so. Nature ever true to herself, has preserved the chain unbroken, and the same rule governs all. Long productions, whether spoken or written, are generally inferior to shorter ones; inferior in spirit, in interest,—inferior in the power of communicating delight.

The short and the long may properly be likened to two repasts. The one, elegant and substantial, ended when a sufficiency has been obtained; while the stomach is left

to digest with comfort that which has been received into it, turning every particle into nourishment. The other, a too hearty repast of heavy food, which renders the partaker listless, while the digestive organs are overloaded, and refuse to perform their office. Like the first, the short and lively production refreshes the mind, leaving it in a fit condition to make an improvement of all that has been received. But the long, clogs the memory, fatigues the attention, and enervates the whole mental man.

The effect which the exhaustion of body, produced by a long or tedious essay or speech, has in rendering the mind uneasy or sluggish, is a part of the experience of almost every one. And it is equally well known, that the man who is verbose and lengthened in conversation, is shunned by many, while the company of one who is concise and vivacious, is desired and prized by most.

Still as 'the excess of virtue is vice,' care must be exercised against being *too short*, as was the learned Professor in an eastern institution, whose whole lecture was, "Gentlemen, I perceive you are not cabbages." The danger, however, lies principally on the other side. But lest this should seem to violate its own principle, it must end; yet not until it has repeated the exhortation to every one whose eye it meets, whatever else he may be, to BE SHORT.

QUIZ.

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAST HOUR.

BY MRS. N. L. GARDINER.

There is an hour, when to the dying saint,
All earthly scenes will fade and disappear;
When all which once were beautiful and bright,
In the dim distance loose their airy forms.

Death! dread death! What is it? To the Christian,
'Tis a gain beyond compute. A sweet release
From things terrestrial. He drops the vestments
Of mortality, and soars unfettered
To a brighter sphere. What though the billows dash,
And far off waves break hoarsely on his ear?
Girdled in light, above the crested waves,
Bright, like a star, the cherub Hope appears,
Serenely pointing to the joys on high!
His soul reviving, lifts the eye of Faith,
When scenes delightful, meet his enraptured gaze!
This buoys his spirit up, and gives to life's
Decaying fires, a transient gleam of bliss.
Faith lifts the curtain, pierces through the gloom;
Faith guides his barque thro' th' engulfing flood;
Faith stills the waves, the deep, dark waves of death,
Whose undulations, with phosphoric glare,
Convey him onward to an unknown shore.

What tho' his sky be wrapped in deepest gloom—
 No ray of mercy gleam athwart the mist?
 Still his fixed soul upon his God relies,
 Unvarying as the needle to the pole,
 'Till in the distance, lo! the gates unfold—
 The pearly gates—revealing mansions bright,
 Where Sharon's roses waft their sweet perfume,
 And fountains murmur 'neath the verdant shades;
 Where melting music sweeps the orient sky,
 Whose distant strains upon the listening ear,
 Come like the seraph's songs, when warbling forth
 The notes of ceaseless love! Over his soul
 The distant echo breathes; his spirit, like
 A captive bird struggling amid its snare,
 Now pants, and longs for immortality!

What to the Christian—in an hour like this,
 Are all he loves on earth, twin'd as they are around
 The seat of life, quickening its pulses
 By their smiles or tears?—so oft thro' ev'ry change,
 And thro' each winding way, pursued by Love—
 That deathless Love, which nothing can suppress—
 That spark within the hearts' deep fountain struck,
 Which time, nor change, nor space, could e'er subdue,
 Or for a moment, dim. Not that he loves
 Them less, even in death's embrace. But O,
 The glories of the upper sky! The smile
 That beams upon the Savior's face, allures
 His spirit hence: beneath its radiance, time
 And things expire, and all he loves are lost.

A vast perspective rushes on his sight!
 A sea of glass, on which unnumbered hosts
 Worship the spotless Lamb, whose passion arched
 Heaven's golden dome with the bright bow of Love.
 Angelic armies on his wildering gaze—
 Sparkling afar like brilliant orbs of light—
 Beckon him upward to their blessed abode.

His is a vision, nothing can destroy!
 A charm divine, no mortal power can break!
 His soul entranced, is drawn from meaner things,
 And mounts triumphant, to a brighter sphere!

Sag Harbor, L. I., Jan. 1842.

Why is a young lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot goose over a suit of clothes? We knew you'd guess it. Because he is *pressing a suit*.

Original.

THE ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY

When tyranny has oppressed a country, and aroused the spirit of its inhabitants, we often meet with specimens of the purest eloquence. Then the soul appears aroused from its lethargy, and man urged on by his wrongs summons all his energies. Accordingly, when the tyranny of Great Britain had excited the spirit of seven-six, we find instances of an eloquence which can vie with that of any age or country. We listen with admiration to the eloquence of John Hancock; we listen with delight to the soothing melody and cadence of Richard Henry Lee, the American Cicero; but it is with feelings of a far different nature that we listen to the eloquence of Patrick Henry. His was no common eloquence; it was true, convincing, it was the eloquence of the soul. It came not like the zephyr of the twilight hour, bathing the fevered brow with freshness and soothing the senses; it came not like the mountain breeze, loaded with the wild-flower's fragrance, and invigorating the body; but it came, like the whirlwind comes, with power and might, when the heavens are shrouded in blackness, and the lightning gleams athwart the sky. The listeners might have seen that the tempest was gathering, when the fire sparkled from his eye, when his brow kindled with enthusiasm, and animation was depicted on every lineament of his countenance. And they might have marked the effect,—how every bosom heaved with emotion, and how, as the heart strings were thrilled, and the hot blood gushed through the veins, every face betrayed the depth of feeling—a feeling that could not be expressed. It was then, that admiration yielded to awe, and persuasion gave way to conviction. It was then that the fire was kindled,—that paltry objections and prejudices vanished, and another spirit stirred within.

As the speaker finished, a death-like stillness reigned. The spirit of eloquence was producing its effect. The 'clanking of the chains' still rang in the ears of his audience. Already they saw the phalanx of their brethren marching with firm and silent step to meet the foe. They wished no longer for delay, and in the expressive language of Wirt, 'their souls were on fire for action.' Eloquence had done its work, and they resolved to arouse, ere the night of slavery and oppression had shrouded them in gloom,

"Ere tyranny eclipsed the sun
And blotted out the stars of Heaven."

Then it was that the sublime and heroic sentiment of Patrick Henry—"give me liberty or give me death"—found a glad response in every heart.

Such was the effect of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. O this is the eloquence which thrills the soul, which makes man sympathize with his fellow man, and calls into action the hidden springs of his nature! This was the eloquence which aroused the Athenians in the days of Demosthenes, when luxury and effeminacy had rendered them enervate, and nearly extinguished every spark of courage, amidst the degeneracy of their national character. Few indeed have possessed it; but among that few the name of Patrick Henry will be remembered, so long as the American Eagle, that proud emblem of Liberty, shall find a resting place in

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

V.

Original.

THE INGRATITUDE OF FERDINAND, OF SPAIN.

THE page of history is replete with many an instance of the basest ingratitude; and we may cite as one among the number, the conduct of Ferdinand of Spain towards the great discoverer Columbus. It is indeed painful to the heart, and one almost grows sick at the recital of the cruel and unjust treatment which he received at his hands.— This distinguished voyager, who had opened up to view a new world, and whose life had been worn down in encountering scenes of extreme hardship and peril, simply asked in his old age, that he might be clothed with those honors and dignities to which he was so richly entitled, and which had been promised him “by word and seal.” But even this was denied him. He was permitted to linger out the remnant of his few declining years in fruitless efforts for the restoration of his just rights and prerogatives, and to close his life in bitter disappointment and dejection of spirit. What a close to the career of such an illustrious man! Oh! the base, the black-hearted ingratitude shown the discoverer of a new world.

To atone in some measure for his cruel treatment of Columbus, Ferdinand erected a monument to his memory. He could do no less than this, and however grand and magnificent, still it was but a poor reward paid to the object of it. How much more noble and just would it have been to have discharged that debt of gratitude due to Columbus in his life time, and to have made that heart which was racked with pain, to beat with joy, by clothing him with those rights which truly belong to him. Such would have been the course pursued by a high minded, honorable, generous man. But Ferdinand was the cold, crafty, calculating politician. Enjoying the fruits of the bold and venturesome spirit of Columbus, and seeing that the way had now been opened across the ‘dark blue sea,’ and that others less exacting in their demands would now equally as well answer his purpose, he suffered him to pine away and die in cold unfeeling neglect.

Interesting as it is, yet how painful, to trace the life of Columbus through its various stages. He appears to have met with unkind treatment on almost every hand. When he first gave birth to the idea of discovering distant lands, redolent with beauty and abounding with wealth, he was laughed to scorn and derided as the wildest of visionaries. And many were the years which he spent in fruitless efforts to obtain for it an approving countenance. And when he at last succeeded in winning his way to the warm heart of the noble and generous Isabella, and through her means was launched forth upon the wide ocean, he was alone sustained and upheld, and urged forward in his great but perilous undertaking by his indomitable energy of character. All around him was doubt, dismay, distrust, and treachery. There were none to encourage his hopes, his sole reliance was upon himself and an over-ruling Providence. And when his fond anticipations were realized, and his foot trod upon the shores of a new world, and it became known that this wild visionary, as he had been styled, had manifested a keener vision than all the wise and learned men of his age, and the full tide of prosperity and honor was setting in upon him, then it was that envy began her vile work to detract from his merits and tarnish the brilliant name which he had won. In the chaste and beautiful language of Washington Irving, “no greatness was ever acquired by more

incontestible, unalloyed and exalted benefits rendered to mankind, yet none ever drew on its possessor more unremitting jealousy and defamation, or involved him in more unremitted distress and difficulty. Thus it is with illustrious merit; its very effulgence draws forth the rancorous passions of low and grovelling minds, which too often prove a temporary influence in obscuring it to the world, as the sun emerging with full splendor into the heavens, calls up by the very fervor of his rays the dark and noxious vapors which for a time becloud his glory." It appears almost incredible, yet it is a melancholy truth, that Columbus was once sent back to Spain from the land which he had discovered, bound in chains as a vile malefactor. How revolting the thought to every noble and generous impulse of the mind! Yet this appears to have constituted but a part of that cup of bitterness which it seems he was destined to experience.

Although upon his return to the Spanish Court his fetters were unloosed, and his conduct, which had been made the pretext for their imposition, fully vindicated to the world, and he was received by his Sovereigns with feelings of deep regret at the harsh treatment to which he had been subjected, yet he experienced the keener anguish of mind in perceiving that he was not immediately to be returned to that station and power from which he had been so unjustifiably displaced. This was the unkindest cut of all—it pierced him to the heart, and made it bleed. This it was which embittered his last days, and made his cup of sorrow and disappointment full to the brim. Columbus was ambitious, not of wealth, but of honor and glory. These had ever been the bright objects after which he struggled, and he felt that every moment's delay in restoring to him his authority and vice-royalty, was only fixing a deeper and still deeper stain upon his character. Ah! how cold and dead must have been that heart to every fine and noble feeling, to treat with such cruel injustice such an illustrious man fast declining under the weight of years and the acute anguish of a broken and grieved spirit. "Let the ingratitude of Ferdinand stand forth recorded in its fullest extent and endure throughout all time. The dark shadow which it casts upon his brilliant renown, will be a lesson to all rulers, teaching them what is important to their own fame in the treatment of illustrious men."

A.

MAN'S DESTINY.

MAN is higher than his own dwelling place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his fathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below. So the inhabitant of the polar regions looks into the long night, in which there is no sunrise, but at midnight he sees a light, like the first rosy rays of dawn, gleaming on the highest mountain tops, and he thinks of the long summer in which it never sets.

THE rich man has more ungratified desires than the poor man—riches tend to create rather than to gratify desire. He that desires more than he has, is poor—he that has more than he desires, is rich. Contentment only can confer riches.

Messrs. Editors:

As your prospectus speaks of "restricting the contents of the Miscellany more to matters of fact," the following incidents are forwarded for insertion, if you deem them fit; which, if they have nothing beside, have this to recommend them, that they are true.

THE REALITIES OF BOYISH DAYS.

THE SUCCESSFUL EEL CATCHER.

It was a fine evening in July, and the moon was shedding her softest beams on the balmy air, as we wandered along the meandering stream of the Soudinac. The occasion of our visiting this romantic place in the hours of stillly night, was a "bobbing" expedition. The party consisted of a goodly number of country girls, all full of fun and frolick—a corresponding quantity of the other sex of the same age—together with one old gentleman as director in general, whose business it was, if possible, to keep those mischievous members—the young ladies' tongues—in proper subjection and silence. But alas! his endeavors seemed to be entirely fruitless, for the joke and repartee *would* break forth—the deep and merry laugh *would* find its way to the free air of heaven, and ring and echo from the neighboring hills; and as a natural consequent, the eels *wouldn't* bite. So the old gentleman became vexed; he stormed and he expostulated, but the girls would laugh and talk the louder. At length, however, order was restored: some were sitting on the grassy bank, patiently attentive to the nibbling of their victims in the limpid waters, while others were talking in a subdued tone, and searching for some more favored spot to 'try their luck.' Among the former, Mary B., a black eye fairy of our number, was seated, intently awaiting the attempt of some hungry eel to sup on the delicious morsel she had cast in to tempt him. At last she thought that her prey was sure—she was nerving herself for a tremendous effort to dislodge him from his native element.

Among the company, there was one young man who was a mere idler in the scene; as he was attempting to exhibit some specimens of his agility to the wondering gaze of the lookers on, an unlucky leap on the verdant meadow, made slippery by the evening dews, brought him in rather unpleasant proximity with mother earth. At the instant that he fell with a loud concussion not far from our heroine, she was employing all her strength in "throwing out" what she supposed to be an eel; and as she heard the noise of the falling body and saw the rest of the number running up to the succor of the luckless wight, she supposed that they were kindly endeavoring to secure her treasure, and cried out at the top of her lungs, "*catch my eel! catch my eel!*" The long loud laugh that succeeded, when her mistake was discovered, can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that Mary had the largest share of booty to take home with her that night, and that her "catch my eel" was the occasion of many a moment of innocent merriment for months that followed.

But speaking of that brook, makes me think of a trick that was played on our old schoolmaster once; it reminds me of

THE LAMENTABLE FALL OF SIMON SNOOKS.

Old Snooks, our teacher, was a very passionate man, and he often made an indiscriminate use of his nails, teeth, fists and feet, whichever was most convenient, when his dignity was offended by any of the little urchins, who were scattered around his sanctum—the schoolroom. This of course did not beget any particular love in their breasts towards his character or person, and many a grumbling threat was heard issuing from their pouting lips, when they were sure that he was not within hearing. But an opportunity presented for retaliation, and they were nothing loth to embrace it. It was in the heat of summer, and the "Master" was in the habit of going, at the middle of the day, to a little pool formed in the pleasant brook which ran hard by the schoolhouse, and there, having bent a sapling over the water, was accustomed to sit on it with denuded feet and legs, enjoying the exquisite pleasure of cooling his lower extremities, by alternate immersions and emersions from the refreshing element, as his bending seat moved upwards and downwards. This the boys soon found out, but to the infinite dissatisfaction of their testy instructor.

A huge pocket knife was procured, and the sapling was largely cut on the lower side, where it would not be seen; but sufficient strength was left to sustain the passive weight of Mr. Snooks. The next day at noon, the boys found it very convenient to play under the shady trees and among the thick underwood along the brook, but took care to be so near the scene of their expected fun as to be the unobserved observers of what was going on. The poor unwitting "wielder of the birchen rod," suspecting nothing, repaired to his usual cooling place. The boys who were watching, saw him remove deliberately his shoes and stockings, roll up his pantaloons, and then carefully bestride his wooden horse, to take his wonted ride. He was firmly seated—he commenced his sec-saw motion—on he went more and more furiously—but—suddenly his favorite sapling gave a sharp crack, and down he came with a tremendous splash in the waters. Didn't those boys laugh! For a moment the water closed over him, but it was only for a moment; soon after, Simon Snooks was seen wending his way toward his boarding house, and it is a matter of history among his scholars, that for one afternoon in his life, his eternal "salt and pepper" suit was displaced by blue cloth and shining brass buttons. Alas for poor Snooks! he never more ventured to lave his weary limbs in the refreshing waters of that brook.

We republish by request the Latin version of Bryant's beautiful stanza contained in our last number, with a correction of the syntax. The mistake, which consisted in connecting epithets with feminine terminations to the masculine noun "Error," was doubtless induced by the personification of that word in the original English,—the imagery of the poet having so possessed the mind of the Latinist as to produce inattention to the rules of syntax.

VERITAS, terræ resupina, obruta,
Rursus assurgat, quia NUMEN illi
Vivere eterne dedit, atque semper
Vivet, ut ipsum.

ERROR infelix, inimicus æquo,
Saucius, torquens, jacet in dolore,
Mox et expirans animam relinquit
Inter amicos.

Original.

LITERARY CHARACTERS—No. III.

BY CLAVIUS.

MISS MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead !
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,—
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers !"

Mrs. Hemans.

WHENEVER I chanced to stray through some wild-wood—picking the moss flowers that just began to heave their young bosoms at the voice of nature, so eloquent to all her children—and listened to the music of the leaves and branches, touched by some unseen master hand,—I have been led to exclaim, what can equal a scene like this ? And while I have stood, admiring the handiwork of God, some winged messenger of the forest would light on a branch above me, and tune his note to sweetest melody ! And as I gazed upon the delicate, fairy form—its robes of golden coloring, tipped with dew, and sparkling in the sun,—as he threw his opening glories around her—and saw her breast heave, and swell, as she poured forth the first song of the morning, my heart and voice have held such converse with the little songstress. Fair bird, thou hast a secret language, known only to thy maker, and thy native haunts—yet, even its mystery hath a power to awake many a memory of the slumbering dead. If thy song is so wild and enchanting, and the tissue of thy garments so beautiful, and romantic to the eye—how thrice bewitching must be the first dawn of the child of genius, when even the casement which holds the spirit is of so fine and transparent a texture, that we can almost see it leap in its glad sportiveness, and perceive the secret chords of its deep-toned, immortal lyre vibrating, as the breeze of heaven comes, and wakens its deathless energies ! And thy thoughts—if indeed thy breathings are known by such a name—so strange and incoherent, are fit companions for the child of fancy, and accord so well with the unknown feelings of the youthful heart, that such a child would fain sit forever in a green leaf bower—to nestle its joyous self beside thee, and call thee sister, and ask thee the language of thy home.

Come then bird of the sunny sky—of star, and rill, and river,
 With thy wreath of orient gold, and be to me a giver
 Of spices and aramant—of myrrh, and sweet scented flowers,
 Culled from each stranger land, at evening's calm and holy hours ;
 And strew them on the mossy sward, above a sister's tomb,
 Where in the breath of morning wind, the flowers, so fair, may bloom,
 And mingle with the fragrant scent of spicy odors, given,
 As the last and kindest gift from thee, to Marg'ret, now in heaven !

The talents of individuals are as various as their fortunes. Some, says D'Israeli, like diamonds, must wait to receive their splendor from the slow touches of the polisher,

while others, resembling pearls, appear at once born with their beautiful lustre. This sentiment cannot fail to strike all, as both very admirable and true;—and the latter part of it, as illustrative of the mind and character of Margaret Miller Davidson. She was indeed a plant thrown from nature's most perfect mould, with every hue of grace, and form of beauty, which can gather around a child, born on earth, but brightening for the skies.

We do not pretend to add any thing new, to those animated and powerful descriptions which her mother, and our own Irving, have already given of this sweet mistress of song; but we would only unburden our hearts of some of those holy feelings and endearing thoughts, which as sons of America—in common with all our countrymen—we cherish for one of our own poetic sisterhood, now gone from among us. Whatever may be the sensation excited in the mind, on hearing of the untimely death of one in another land, with whose writings we have held pleasant communion, at all hours of the day, and in every humor—gay, serious, or sad—*still, still*, the ties of home, and hearth, and native land, have a more magic power to stir up the deep waters of sorrow in the soul, when we hear that one more of Columbia's daughters—one endowed with genius and loveliness combined, hath fallen in her bower, even while giving an almost unearthly touch to her spirit's harp, the murmuring of which died away on earth to reawaken on the plains of endless song.

The fame of Lucretia Davidson, both in Europe and this country, and the deep interest in her mournful fate, excited by the tributes to her memory by President Morse, and Robert Southey of England, and our esteemed American Miss Sedgwick, prepared the Literary world for the reception of her younger sister, upon whom 'her poetic mantle fell, like a robe of light!' Few are the instances on record, of two such sisters as Lucretia and Margaret. They had both nearly the same moral and physical organization, and were subject to the same feverish and wild excitement of mind, and fervor of imagination. They seemed two kindred spirits dropped a moment from the clouds, to sport amid the flowers of earth, and then be taken again to their starry home. Lucretia went first, leaving her infant sister playing on her mother's knee; and often while holding her upon her own, she would fondly exclaim, 'I know it—she must, she will be a poet.' She had already the poet's eye, and the poet's fire, and with her sister's example before her as her 'guiding star,' we all know how much she afterwards accomplished.

Sometimes the peculiar characteristics and turn of mind—as in the case of Mrs. Hemans and others—are found to have resulted, in a great measure, from the romantic and beautiful scenery by the places of their birth. Finding something in every object around them to call forth their latent energies, they early resigned themselves to the direction of nature, and were decked in her garb of simplicity and loveliness. The same was doubtless the case with Margaret Davidson. She was born near the Seranac, just above where it flows into Lake Champlain. The lake and stream are studded with small islands, covered with green verdure, shrubs and flowers. Her father's residence was situated on a fine, spreading lawn, and was almost hid from view by the deep rich foliage of surrounding trees. But it would be far better told in her own expressive language. She says: The scenery around was wildly but beautifully romantic; the clear blue river, glancing and sparkling at its feet, seemed only as a preparation for another and more magnificent view, when the stream, gliding on to the west, was buried in the

broad white bosom of Champlain, which stretched back, wave after wave in the distance, until lost in the faint blue mists that veiled the sides of its guardian mountains, seeming more lovely from their indistinctness. Thus her perceptions of the beauty and gracefulness of natural scenery, were early awakened; and wherever she was, she would often rejoice as much at finding a flower, as many persons in discovering some great treasure. Her poems abound in fine descriptions of the outer world, showing that she was well acquainted with its varied beauties. Whatever her pencil touched, seemed to awaken to new life, and become a part of her happy self. It will not then excite astonishment, that she was the light of her mother's eye, and the joy of her mother's heart, 'whose room was her resting place, and whose bosom her sanctuary.' She loved her mother with all the devotion of her ardent soul, and was never so happy as when near her, or dedicating some poem to her memory and worth. Hers were truly household affections! She was, during a great part of her short life, the pupil of her mother, which 'contributed greatly to enhance her imaginative powers, for her mother partook largely of the poetical temperament of the child; it was, in fact, one poetical spirit ministering to another.'

We scarcely know where to find language to describe the peculiarities of this youthful creature, whose first thoughts were sweet music, and whose first words were poetry. Her chief pleasures were intellectual. She seemed to live in a land of her own creation, a bright and sunny land. She populated the solitary glen, and mossy island,—transforming herself, sometimes into a queen, a fairy, or a lover, to suit the various characters which her imagination had formed. The fragrance and charm of the morning—the soft repose of the evening—the distant mountain tops, covered with lofty pines—the long grass of the valley, rising and falling, like the gentle waves of the lake when the winds passed by—the foaming of the waters as they dashed over the craggy rocks,—each had a language known to her alone; and she would stand in all the restlessness of perfect delight—her eyes dilating with rapture—her form expanding under intense emotion—her cheek blushing under its crimson flush, and her little hands extended, as if unable to contain 'the mixt treasures of her pregnant breast,' and the golden reveries of the hour. And then—

'From them she'd oft resolve
To frame she knew not what excelling things,
And win she knew not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder.'

She saw, as if written with a sun beam, upon every plant, and leaf, and flower, this sentence, 'the work of none but God.' There is a vein of true piety running through her life and writings. She seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. Often when very ill, her mind would be in a state of extacy, and her visions 'of an unearthly cast; about God and angels.' Her mother beautifully remarks—She was at such times wandering among the stars; her sainted sisters were her pioneers; her cherub brother walked hand in hand with her through the gardens of paradise. And when upon the bed of death—sixteen summers only having passed over her—'a charm was in and around her; a holy light seemed to pervade every thing belonging to her. There was sacredness, if I may so express it, which told of the presence of the Divinity.' Who would not have esteemed it a great privilege to have been permitted to bend over her couch,

with her beloved parents, and witness the glow of her flickering countenance, when the spirit was soaring far away,—then ever and anon returning to tell its tale of bliss, ere it took its everlasting flight.

She is gone! Yes, Margaret Miller Davidson, the poetess of melody, pathos, beauty, and almost inspiration, is gone! Well may we, with Washington Irving—ere we say, farewell!—apply to her one of her own apostrophes to the memory of her sister Lucretia—

One who came from heaven a while
To bless the mourners here;
Their joys to hallow with her smile,
Their sorrows with her tear.

Who join'd to all the charms of earth
The noblest gift of heaven;
To whom the muses at her birth,
Their sweetest smile had given.

Whose eye beam'd forth with fancy's ray,
And genius pure and high;
Whose very soul had seem'd to bathe
In streams of melody.

Original.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN HOME, OR THE APPRENTICE.

A TEMPERANCE TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAP. II.

It was a beautiful evening in the beginning of autumn. The villagers had ceased their labors, and the bustle of preparation betokened that something more than usual was to take place. A year had passed away since James Weston had laid his wife in the cold grave. Since that time he had abstained from intoxicating drink and maintained industrious habits, and now once more his nuptials were about to be celebrated.—Scarcely had the lingering rays of the sun died away, ere the house, where the ceremony was about to be performed, was brilliantly lighted up, and the happy villagers might be seen urging their way from all quarters to join in the evening's merriment. All things passed off happily, and for weeks afterwards James Weston's marriage was the theme of conversation in the village.

We pass over a period of time. The villagers now remarked a sad change around the premises of Weston. The stuffed windows, the broken doors of the cottage, and its general dilapidated appearance marked it as the abode of poverty and misery. The neat fence which had surrounded it, was now broken, and falling to decay from want of proper attention, and indeed the general appearance of every thing around, too clearly told of some sad change in the occupant.

We have said that Weston had abstained some time from the intoxicating drink: true—but he had not forgotten his old argument that 'a little would not hurt him.' Soon after his late marriage, influenced by wicked companions, he in an evil hour drank 'a little' of the intoxicating liquor, resolving that it would be a long while before he would touch it again. But alas for poor human nature, Weston knew not the deceptfulness of

his own heart. Not many days after he was again led away by his wily companions ; thus he went on from little to little, still soothing his conscience with the excuse that he could break off at any time, till at length he became the sot of the village. Rum had so blinded his faculties, and rendered him so neglectful, that his employers would no longer trust him with work. His apprentice was now his only dependence, and his services were repaid only by ill treatment. Often would the master come home from his drunken revel and cruelly beat him on some trifling pretext. Weston was naturally kind hearted, but Rum had deadened all sense of pity and tenderness. He had now become more a fiend, and his once happy home was made the abode of cruelty, wretchedness and want. * * * * *

It was a cold night in March. The wind howled dismally around the frail hovel of the drunkard. The wife of Weston and his apprentice were hovering over a few coals which scarce afforded them warmth, for the cold found easy inlets through the broken panes of the windows. The inmates were awaiting Weston, who, as usual, had gone to the tavern to mingle in the revel, and as the wind blew in fitful gusts, they often fancied they heard his footsteps, and involuntarily shuddered; for they knew what to expect. At length he came; not mild and pleasant, as he was accustomed in happier days,—but scowling and fiendish. Muttering a terrible curse, he seized his unoffending apprentice, and with a blow laid him prostrate at the door, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather. It was some time before the apprentice became conscious of his situation. He had bled profusely, and was benumbed with the cold, and it was with great difficulty that he reached a neighbor's house. With tears he told his tale to the kind hearted cottagers, and they, affected as much as he, sympathized with him and provided for his wants. After some consultation they advised him to flee in the morning, and endeavor to reach his home. No doubt he would be exposed to many dangers and hardships, but these, at the worst, could be no greater than the cruelties he would suffer if he remained with his master. The apprentice acquiesced in the advice, and the next morning, shouldering a small bundle of necessities which the cottagers had provided him, he commenced his journey to his Green Mountain Home. To escape detection he was often obliged to remain in the woods the greater part of the day, and endure the pangs of hunger. At length, to his great joy, the Green Mountains burst upon his view, one bright morning; and as the rays of the sun gilded their snowy tops, they seemed ten fold dearer to him than ever before. At their base he had spent many happy hours—hours around which were entwined the fondest recollections. He quickened his pace, and as he drew nearer, a thousand various emotions thrilled his bosom. A shade passed over his features—perhaps an inmate might be dead—but it was momentary. He pressed on—a moment passed—he trod the threshold of his childhood's home. O then how joy filled each heart; the parents to see their long absent son, and the son to behold his venerable parents once more: "my feelings at that instant cannot well be described," said the narrator, "for that apprentice was none other than myself."

Reader, here our narrator ended his story, and we must end also. These few simple incidents, (for they claim to be nothing else,) may perhaps interest some, at a time when the public mind is agitated on the subject of Temperance. It is only sufficient to add, that the apprentice mentioned in the story is now actively engaged as a Temperance

Lecturer. May he long succeed! His employment is noble, for the cause of Temperance is intimately connected with the cause of Religion, and the cause of Religion is the cause of God.

Original.

SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF GAZA—Judges 16 : 2, 3.

BY ARIEL.

Night lay on Gaza—calm and still
Reposed Philistia's gorgeous queen,
Save when from some dark, mist-wrap hill,
The night owl's whistle sounded shrill,
While on the blue lake's glassy shreen,
The rippling waters sparkling bright,
Gave back the moon's departing light.

Sleep was on Gaza—noise had fled
From crowded street and festive hall;
But for the watchman's heavy tread,
Like a lone city of the dead
Laid Gaza, covered with the pall
Of darkness, while the star gemmed sky
Shone with its wonted brilliancy.

Joy was in Gaza—at her gate
The watchers of Philistia lay
With martial pomp and royal state,
Their thirst for vengeance fierce to satiate,
When morning's hour should bring the day,
Upon the chief of Israel's band,
The scourge of proud Philistia's land.

'Twas midnight's hour—on Hebron's hill
A single warrior proudly stood;
Around him, all was hush'd and still,
Save at his feet the murmuring rill,
And rolling of the darksome flood;
Proud Gaza's gates beside him lay,
Torn by his mighty arm away.

Day dawned on Gaza—her broad plain
Was teeming with a countless host:
Back from their night-long watching vain,
The baffled guards returned again,
The long sought hour of vengeance lost:
The Lord had rescued from their hands
The leader of His chosen bands.

New York, February, 1842.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WELL! here we are with the first day of Spring, to greet our readers once more.—Stern winter's grasp is broken, and the poet may soon speak again in melodious numbers, of 'the singing bird and the fairy flower.' But our business is with the intellectual world, which in this nineteenth century, scorns to acknowledge the influence of any mental winter, palsying its powers, or blasting its magic beauties, but which is ever verdant with the breath of Spring. May our readers find in the Miscellany some vine clad hill—some ivy entwined oak—some refreshing rivolet—or at the least, some sparkling dew drop—of thought, wherewith to enhance the comfort, or enrich the scenery of their own ideal domain.

But we pass on to our kind contributors. And here we must be permitted a word by way of excuse for ourselves. In the first number, owing to that peculiar idiosyncrasy of feeling, which was induced by the situation in which we were placed—two of our intimate friends having been laid low by the hand of death—we unconsciously gave our Miscellany an almost too exclusively a Religious cast. And hence, some have forwarded to us essays, which, although excellent in themselves, would better suit the pulpit than a Literary Magazine. Of this kind are, 'The Happy Death,' and 'The Voice of the Expiring Year.' It shall be our highest care to exclude from our pages every thing in the least derogatory to Morality or Religion, and each of these shall have their appropriate place. But from the name and intended nature of our periodical, we must request our friends to make the character of their contributions, as far as possible, Literary,—not forgetting however, that there is a Literature of Religion, and a *Poetry* of Religion too.

We have another request to make. It is that contributors would send their productions to us by the first of each month. 'The Student's Miscellanies,' 'The Stranger's Grave,' and 'The Poet Warrior,' came too late for our present number, but they will be inserted in the next. Yet one thing more and we have done. Those who send contributions, need not look for their publication unless they are accompanied, in some part of the manuscript, with the name of the *real author*. We are compelled to adopt such a course, by—we were going to say, an attempt to humbug us; yet if 'H.' 'one of our Alumni,' will send us his real name, we will say nothing about the *twenty five errors* in orthography, the two different specimens of chirography, and the various other beauties which his 'Rural Life' exhibits. The Stanzas by 'A Subscriber,' we beg most respectfully, for three all sufficient reasons, to decline. 'The Dying Flower,' which is very sweet, may be inserted in some future number; yet we would advise our friends to leave the character of the *selections* which may be required for *filling up* our pages, (if this ever becomes necessary,) to ourselves: if they send us communications, we should prefer that they be original ones. Since we are speaking of our wishes and our doings, we modestly request all who may be concerned, not to feel offended if they should sometimes find a word altered, or a line, or even a sentence somewhat changed in their productions, as they appear in print.

We intended noticing the College Monthly, kindly forwarded us from Middletown, Conn. But we only have room to say that it richly deserves the high character it sustains.